

ANCIENT AND MODERN ROADS

Among the men whose names will live as long as civilization exists is that of John L. Macadam, the road builder. Not only has his name become a part of the English language, but the kind of road which he built has been adopted by all civilized nations. The ancient Romans built stone roads, but they were very different and vastly more expensive than the macadam roads of modern times. They built a substantial foundation of rock, sometimes several feet in depth, and then covered it with a pavement of large flat stones. This kind of road will outlast any other. Indeed, some parts of the Apian Way, the building of which was begun three centuries before Christ, are still in use, and in good repair. It remained for John L. Macadam, a modern Englishman, to prove that the great expenditure of time and money required in the building of the old Roman roads was largely wasted. He demonstrated that a smooth, hard, enduring road could be built of crushed stone a few inches in depth properly spread and compacted on a foundation of earth.

The main points in successful macadam road building are: (1) That the foundation be properly constructed and drained; (2) that the surface of the road be slightly curved so as to shed water; and (3) that the surface of the finished road be made hard and smooth and as nearly waterproof as possible. The last of these qualities is secured by spreading on the stone layers, beginning with a layer of the largest fragments and finishing with a layer of very fine crushed stone with which some sand is often incorporated. Each layer is well compacted with a heavy roller.

Although the expense of building macadam roads is trifling compared with that of constructing a stone-paved road like that of the Roman Emperor Appianus Claudius, it is still so great as to form the principal obstacle to macadamizing modern highways. The cost, of course, depends largely on the ease with which suitable stone may be secured. Where the material has to be transported by rail for a considerable distance the cost is greatly increased. Some of the Massachusetts highways have cost \$5,000 to \$10,000 a mile; while in some other States good macadam roads have been built for \$1,500 to \$3,000 per mile.

Some friends of the good roads movement hesitate to join in the demand for national aid because they are appalled by the enormous expense involved in macadamizing the entire road mileage of the country. Such persons are laboring under a mistake. The national aid bills now before Congress do not propose to construct any particular kind of road. They simply propose to "improve the public roads," and provide for "investigations and experiments to determine the best kinds of road material and the best methods of road building." In a recent article Representative Brownlow says:

"My own individual opinion is that some of the principal thoroughfares ought to be macadamized. Well informed road experts have estimated that if one-tenth of the road mileage of the country were macadamized and the other nine-tenths were improved in other and cheaper ways, using the best local materials available, the cost of hauling the farm products of the United States to market would be reduced one-half."

If this estimate is correct, the saving to the farmers would be enormous, and would in a few years be sufficient to cover the entire expense of making the improvements. Besides lessening the cost of hauling, good roads will bring to the people of the rural districts pleasure and benefits which cannot be measured in money.

Chicago is a little piqued at the report that the first day's attendance at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was greater than that at the opening day of the Columbian Exposition. The number in attendance at St. Louis is given as 187,793, that at Chicago was 137,557.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two feet or three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls, four feet or five feet in length, and in many cases six feet.

Very few persons know that Italy among her other treasures, possesses a small forest of papyrus trees, which grow on the banks of the Anapus, near Syracuse. This is most curious, as it seems that this tree can only live on the waters of the Nile, the Ganges and this small and insignificant stream at Syracuse.

Used Another Way.
Madge—Did you tell her she was older than you?
Marjorie—Oh, no; that wouldn't be polite. But whenever we meet in a room, I offer her my seat.—Town Topics.

WONDERFUL

Is Development of West Virginia, Says John G. Leasure.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 21.—John G. Leasure, business manager of the Ohio Valley Manufacturer, has just returned from a visit of ten days through the State in the interests of the publication.

Mr. Leasure says the development of the State is wonderful, and although business is rather quiet just now the work that has been done and that is contemplated through the State is remarkable and he predicts that there will be more money made in West Virginia in the next ten years than in any other State in the Union, not excepting even New York.

Judge Parker Has Spoken.

A more complete abstract of the decision of the New York Court of Appeals against the validity of the statute prohibiting the use of the American flag for advertising purposes will supply certain apparently essential details, but in its announced form it is apt to create considerable annoyance to Chief Judge Parker, whom the Court, standing five Republicans to four Democrats, kindly permitted to write the opinion. Its scope appears to be that the attempt in New York to prohibit this use of the flag ended in a clumsy law, because it was made to apply to articles bearing the patriotic device placed thereon at a time when it was not unlawful. The effect of the retroactive legislation would therefore be to destroy such property. But why the statute could not have upheld as to all future employments of the flag for such purposes and its application be left as a question of fact as to the time of manufacture of the property is not explained. By the time the campaign ripsens this decision will probably have assumed its most horrible form.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

No Limit to the Game.

Here is another "war story"—attributed to the Chinese Minister, Sir Chen-Tung—says the New York Mail. He was being entertained in Washington recently, and the conversation turned upon the cabled expression of Russian opinion that the farther Kuroki gets away from Kuroki the harder it will be for Kuroki to reach him.

Sir Chen-Tung, with the prudence of his race, did not so much as smile, but made the following contribution: "When I was at Phillips Andover I went strolling one day in the fields with a young woman I admired. We encountered a very vivacious bull, which undertook a flank movement. The farmer, who saw the situation, shouted, 'Fall back, fall back!' We fell back. But the creature came on. 'Fall back, fall back!' he cried again. 'I can't fall back any farther!' I replied. 'We have reached the limit!' 'Limit! limit!' screamed the angry farmer. 'Gosh blame your darn fool eyes! There ain't no limit to a game with a bull!'"

The Silent Statesman.

Cleveland says "reorganize." While Bryan pleads for K. C. P. Gorman says, "Let's compromise." But not a word from A. B. P.

Hearst prints his creed, with double lead. And sends adrift where all can see. Even Elliott D. a piece has said But not a word from Alton B.

McClellan speaks in many tongues To rich and poor, to bond and free, Bourke Cockran taps inflated lungs. But nothing yet from A. B. P.

"He's a Democrat—remember that," Says ex-Grand Master David B., "And so am I," says Robert E. Pat, And still no word from A. B. P.

The gray old owl says, "Whooh-whooh-whooh." The tiny turk says "Pee, pee, pee;" The rooster says "Cock-a-doodle-do." But not a sound from A. B. P.

The fact that the up-to-date Mikado of Japan sleeps in a European bed does not seem anything to be surprised at until it is remembered that 40,000,000 of his subjects prefer the floor. His Majesty does not stop short at this one foreign custom, but wears European clothes, uses a knife and fork in preference to chopsticks and rides in a carriage that would not attract particular attention in a Chicago boulevard but for the gorgeous livery of the men on the box.

The extreme length of Panama is 480 miles, and its breadth varies between 27 and 110 miles. The total area is 21,570 square miles, and the population, according to an estimate of 1898, is about 340,000. The inhabitants are of a mixed race, comprising Spanish, Indian and negro elements. The capital of the State, Panama, on the Pacific coast, had, in 1902, about 25,000 inhabitants, and Colon, on the Atlantic coast, 3,000. Another port of some importance is Pecos del Torro.

THIEVES OF MEXICO.

THE WILY RATEROS WILL STEAL THE COAT OFF YOUR BACK.

One Had a Tooth Pulled So That He Might Steal the Dentist's Watch. The Way a Judge Lost His Time-piece and His Turkey Dinner.

There are no burglars in Mexico, and for a very simple reason—the daytime and the public street afford the adroit ratero such easy opportunities for appropriating other people's property that it really is not worth his while to bother with night raids or to take the risk of forcing an entrance into private houses.

Other countries, other customs—the ratero is an institution in Mexico, and like the rest of the Mexican institutions, he is indigenous to the soil. The speak thief in other countries is a waste product of civilization's human mill; the burglar is a poison separated somewhere in the process of milling. The ratero is nothing of the sort. He is just as legitimate a product, just as much a part of the regular output, as any other member of society. He is without shame or reproach in his calling and is quite at peace with mankind.

There is a diversity in the methods of these thieves, ranging from the audacity of a moment's impulse to the most elaborately plotted trap. Bold specimens attack a victim suddenly and rely upon the surprise for an escape. A man descending from a street car has the diamond snatched from his scarf before his feet have fairly touched the ground, and by the time he has caught his breath the thief is lost in a crowd. A woman stops to gaze into a shop window in busy San Francisco street in the capital city, and her richly embroidered cloak is jerked from her shoulders, and the nimble footed ratero disappears before a nearby gendarme gets the alarm.

A crowd gathers in the street to watch a horse fallen on the slippery asphalt pavement, or a procession on a fiesta day, and the very hats are not safe on the heads of a respectfully dressed people, or it may be on a Sunday, when all the suburban trains are crowded, and the little stations as well, that a long arm is thrust into the open window of a starting electric car and several hats gathered before any one knows what has happened.

The more wily and considerate of the calling avoid giving these rude shocks to their prey. These are the ones who annex pocketbooks and watches so quietly that the loss is only gradually appreciated and who teach women the folly of wearing dangling ornaments in the street. Often they are so elegantly dressed that no one could object to being elbowed by them, while the plausible situations they create attest their lively wits. Certainly they supply an ever fresh flow of stories, many of them too wildly impossible to be told of any other country.

Some years since a traveling fakir of the popular loud mouthed type arrived in the capital and set up his booth in the Plaza Mayor. The extraction of teeth without pain was the lure that drew a throng, and several successful performances made good the promise. His rather primitive method was to fire a pistol close to the patient's head at the moment of gripping the molar. The shock of the noise sufficed to distract the sufferer's attention, and on the whole there were few complaints.

At last a well dressed Mexican pushed his way through the crowd, and, moaning over his aching tooth, seated himself in the chair.

"Which one?" asked the dentist briskly.

The man hesitated a moment.

"The smallest on the left side," he finally answered.

"But the tooth appears perfectly sound," said the dentist, after a survey.

"But it has ached for three days. I tell you and I want it out."

"You'll pay in advance?" was the query.

"Certainly. Will it take long?"

The fakir, a dollar in his palm, smiled reassuringly and pulled out a handsome gold watch. "It will be over before the second hand can go half way round," he boasted.

"All right," said the patient resignedly.

The dentist got a good grip on the tooth while the man lay back quickly in the chair. There was a loud crack of the pistol, and the dentist held up a sound and bloody tooth.

"It was a mistake to part with that, senior. But did you feel anything?"

"No, did you?"

"No," was the puzzled response.

"Then we're even," said the Mexican, getting up and disappearing in the crowd.

A few minutes later the dentist clapped his hand to his empty watch pocket in dismay. It was then that he appreciated the timely jest of his patient.

A story almost too perfectly rounded to an amusing close is nevertheless vouched for among the raconteurs of Mexico. It is said that a certain judge found himself at the opening of court one morning without his watch, which he remembered to have left under his pillow. His remark to that effect was overheard by a loiterer, and presently a messenger arrived at the judge's casa and asserted that the judge wanted the watch which had been left in the bed. Furthermore, the judge had sent the fine turkey the man was carrying and wished it cooked for supper, as he had invited guests.

Such plausible statements could not fail to win confidence. The watch was exchanged for the bird by the lady of the house herself, and the messenger went on his way rejoicing.

Home came the judge at noon for the midday meal and the afternoon siesta, and with his first inquiry for his watch the trick was exposed. The judge, however, while lamenting the watch, ap-

preciated the thief's ingenuity and pronounced him needlessly generous in the matter of the turkey. But, since the ratero had made the suggestion, why not bring home some friends for supper after all?

The judge returned to court, and the worthy senora saw that the turkey was prepared in the manner so acceptable to Mexican palates—cooked with rich, dark chile sauce. It was done to a turn when a man came in breathless haste to say the scamp who stole the judge's watch that morning had been apprehended and the watch recovered, but the judge needed the turkey sent as evidence in disposing of the case.

"But the turkey is already cooked," protested the distressed housewife, with no thought but for her supper.

"Si, senora; but the judge says to send it as it is, and he'll send it back again before it's cool."

So the judge's wife sped the turkey on its way, and within a few minutes her husband appeared with his friends.

"I hope you didn't forget to cook that turkey, Matilde," he said cheerfully. "I can almost forgive the rascal that's got my watch for the sake of mole de guajolote."

Sobs choked Matilde's mortified response as she realized that she had twice been victimized, and the party supped frugally, though not without mirth on the part of the guests.

The methods of the ratero who enters your office to sell you something or to offer his services are quiet and seductive.

A merchant dealing in curbs was attracted by a tiger skin scrape draped over the shoulders of a stupid, low country Indian passing along the street. He called him into his office, examined the skin and began to dicker for a trade.

"I'll give you \$5 for it."

"No, senior, I do not wish to sell."

"Well, the thing isn't worth that; too many tigers caught in traps for the skins to be worth much anyway. However, it's a fine skin, and I'll give you ten for it, just double what you'll get anywhere else."

"Pues, no, senior; I do not want to sell. I wouldn't take a hundred for this skin. It's all I have to cover me at night."

"Now, what do you tell me such a lie for? You know you can buy three serapes with the money. If you won't be decent and make a trade, why then get out of here and stop taking up room and my time."

So the meek and obedient native set forth under the very eye and wrath of the proprietor. Nevertheless as he went he swept up a fine new typewriter from a table that lay athwart his path, covering the whole movement by a skillful readjusting swing of his tiger skin, and he emerged into the street with his prize folded to him under the all enveloping cloak.

He was never found. The fences of thieves are too numerous and too much on to the game for pursuit to be easy. The unfathomable scrape, like charity, covers gracefully a multitude of sins which the haven of the pawn shop afterward forgives outright.

An American woman whose stock of household linen had been steadily dwindling was driven at last to accuse a long trusted chambermaid, with unpleasant results. Within an hour after the girl had gone in a tempest of indignant tears a group of American neighbors gathered at the house, believing that the lady was desperately ill, dying or dead. It appeared that the outraged damsel had made the rounds of the neighborhood, getting money from one woman to fill a prescription for her suddenly stricken mistress, borrowing sheets from another for the dead and articles of clothing for the burial, even enough white silk to make the shroud.

But in spite of all that can truthfully be said of the ratero and his confederates the City of Mexico is by no means a nest of thieves. It is the careless and the easily duped who suffer, and there are many Americans long resident there who have never missed more than the few articles of clothing a washerwoman might choose to pawn.

Meantime the vigilance of the police is doing much to make the paths of dishonesty less easy to tread. Any common Mexican in the street carrying something that does not obviously belong to him is liable to be stopped by a gendarme, and if he cannot satisfactorily account for his possession of the article he is marched to the comisaria, or station house, until the matter can be investigated. For this reason it is customary to provide a caregiver with a card explaining how he came by what he carries, which card must be signed upon delivery of his package.—Kansas City Star.

A First Offense.

A certain New England woman who claims descent from a long line of stiff and aristocratic ancestors is constantly troubled by the fear that she may do something unworthy of the ideals which they established and the standard which she endeavors to maintain for herself.

One warm summer evening she was overpersuaded by a young cousin from New York to take a stroll along the street without any fixed destination, lured on by the charm of the flooding moonlight.

"What a beautiful night!" cried the girl. "But, oh, Cousin Hester, you're not half enjoying it with a hat on and gloves! Do take off your gloves!"

"My dear," said Miss Hester firmly, "I should not think of it. You are young, and you do not consider results and consequences. If one begins to let oneself go, there is no end to it. Since we started I have felt that my coming without a veil was perhaps a mistake. I can only hope that none of my father's and mother's friends will hear of it!"—Youth's Companion.

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No. 7.—Chicago Express.	3:28 A. M.	
No. 5.—Wheeling Accommodation.....	7:47 A. M.	
No. 55.—Wheeling & Cincinnati Express.	7:29 P. M.	
No. 71.—Wheeling Accommodation.....	1:36 P. M.	
EAST BOUND.		
No. 8.—New York, Baltimore and Washington Express.	3:35 A. M.	
No. 72.—Grafton Accom'n	10:53 A. M.	
No. 46.—New York, Baltimore and Washington Express.	1:48 P. M.	
No. 4.—Grafton Accom'n	8:38 P. M.	

F. M. AND P. BRANCH.

ARRIVES.
No. 50.—Pittsburg Accom'n 1:00 P. M.
No. 4.—Pittsburg Accom'n 9:45 P. M.

DEPARTS.
No. 3.—Pittsburg Accom'n 7:50 A. M.
No. 51.—Connellsville Accom'n 2:10 P. M.
No. 69 leaves daily for Morgantown at 9:05 P. M. No. 62 arrives from Morgantown at 6:55 A. M., daily except Sunday; at 8:00 A. M. Sunday only.

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No. 5.—Arrives at Fairmont 5:35 P. M.
No. 1.—Arrives at Fairmont 12:10 P. M.
No. 3.—Arrives at Fairmont 7:45 A. M.
No. 2.—Leaves Fairmont... 7:10 A. M.
No. 6.—Leaves Fairmont... 1:53 P. M.
No. 4.—Leaves Fairmont... 9:50 P. M.
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